A LITTLE FAIRY.

If I were only a fary—weil!
Twould take me ever so long to tell
Or all the beautiful things lid do
For every body I loved, or knew;
For I'd have a wonderful wand of gold,
lake fairies carried in days of old.

Mother should have a house as grand As any tou see in all the land; A cap of lace and a velvet gown, And a carriage to rise about the town; She never should do a thing all day But hold her hands like a lady gay; And all this tiresome, tiresome work, Which every day I am ghad to shirk, would just be done—wouldn't that be fine? The minute I waved that wand of minot

That's want I'd like to do, but oh, I in only a bit of a girl, you know!
Working away at homely things,
And not a fary with shining wings.
I haven't a wand; and if I had.
Perhaps the faires would think it sad,
If they had a chance to look and see
What a tearfully lazy girl I d be.

"But I have two numble hands, that know
How to kuit and to mend and sew.
How to cook and to dust and sweep—
Come, and I il let you take a peep.
So I li hurry and do my very best,
Wit le mouter sits by the fire at rest,
And she will think, if she does not say,
One little fairy's alive to-day,
And for every thing that a girl should do,
Can wave, not one little wand, but two."
—Schney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

CARELESSNESS.

How Felix Learned That No One Can Do a Wrong Thing Without Hurting Some One Eise.

"Felix, my boy, can you carry this book over to Mr. Gay's for me?" "'Course I can, grandfather."

"I wish you would do it at once then. I borrowed it and have kept it longer than I intended. Wait, though, until I wrap it up. It is a handsome dragged me down-stairs and out—just until I wrap it up. It is a handsome binding, you see, and I should be very sorry if it were to receive any injury. Felix took the book and went out.

his grandfather thinking it not neces-sary to give him any further caution. But, two hours later the old gentle-man set out on his accustomed afternoon walk. As he strolled along a pleasant shaded path he observed a little group of boys stooping over something on the ground, and going near saw that they were intently interested in the motions of two beetles.

'See them tug!" said one. "What do they do it for, any way?" asked another. "Why, they use that ball of earth to

lay their eggs in."
"I don't believe it," said Felix. "It's so, for my father told me," said

"Yes, it's so," said grandfather, with a smile, touching Felix's cheek with the end of his cane.

The boys sprang up in surprise at seeing him bending over them.

"Why, grandfather, is that you?"
asked Felix.
"Yes. Did you see Mr. Gay?"
"Well—not yet sir. I—just waited a few minutes to run a race with the boys, and then we saw these beatler. boys, and then we saw these beetles-

"But where is the book?" "Ob, that's all safe, sir. I hid it right behind this tree."

He ran towards it and his grand-

father, following him, saw Rover, his little dog, very busy at something.

"Get out of the way, Rove," cried
Felix. "Here 'tis, Oh!"

What a mean, mischievous dog!" exclaimed Felix, ready to cry with regret and confusion. What a careless, unreliable boy! we might perhaps say," said grand-father. "How could you be so negli-

gent Felix, when I trusted you with it and told you to be careful?" "I'm sorry—" faltered Felix.
"But your sorrow will never help
the matter, you see. Nothing which
you can do will help it. All the loss

must fall on others." Gran Mather took a newspaper from his pocket and again wrapped up the "Now take it to Mr. Gay," be said.

"Tell him exactly what has happened, and say to him that the loss shall be made good as far as I can make it so."

"Grandfather, I can not bear to tell him," he said.
"I know it is hard, my boy. I send

you not to punish you, but to try to give you a lesson which you may re-Felix thought it the hardest lesson

which could have been set him, but cowardice was not one of his faults, and in a few moments he stood before Gay, bravely told his error, and and showed the sad result, adding very

"I only wish it had been something of mine that had been spoiled, sir. I guess grandfather's right when he says no one can ever do a wrong thing with out its hurting some one else."
"Yes," said the gentieman," looking regretfully at the mischief. "Your grandfather is right."

"Can't I pay for it, sir," asked Felix, eagerly. "I'll save up every cent of money, and after awhile I'll have

Mr. Gay laid his band kindly on the boy's head.
"Never mind that. It is a loss which

no one could make up to me, for the book was a gift of a dear friend who is now dead. But, my boy, if you are given to careless and negligent ways in your boyhood you will be sure to work far greater mischief to yourself and others than the spoiling of a book. Let me tell you of something that happened to me when I was

He sat down and motioned Felix to a

When I was not many years older than you are my father died and I had

victories was given out. Time and prudence were lost sight of, until the last item was learned.
"Then I rushed to the bank to be

faced by the forbidding looking card: 'Bank Closed.' "I had not been specially told to de-posit that day, but of course it was un-derstood that I should. It would have been the right thing for me to carry it back and have it placed in the safe, but I was ashamed of having it known that I had loitered, so I committed a second unfaithful act to conceal the first, al-ways a dangerous thing to do. The only way to make amends for a fault is

to confess it at once.

"I carried home the money and hid it in the safest place I knew of. You may be sure it was a heavy weight on my mind and as night settled down it graw heavier and heavier. I resolved not to sleep but lay awake listening and starting in alarm at every sound.
"At length I was sure I heard mysterious noises, but something seemed to hold me down so that I could not

move. The sounds increased—surely people were in the house. I could hear them moving—hear them in the room in which I had hidden the money. Finally with a desperate ef-fort I sprang up to find myself in the grasp of a freman. My room was full of suffocating smoke—the house was on fire. I had fallen into an uneasy sleep and would have been strangled by the smoke if I had not been found just in

"And the money?" asked Felix, in great excitement.

"What did you do then, sir?"
"What could I do but go to my employers and tell them what mischief my criminal carelessness had worked for

Felix drew a long breath and shook his head soberly.
"It was as dreadful as my having to

tell you about the book, wasn't it?"

"A little worse, I think," said the gentieman, with a smile. 'I hope you will never have such a burthen to carry as that one I bound upon myself through my own folly. It weighed me down all through the young years of my life, for it took me long to pay the debt. It is not for me to say the lessor. was too severe a one-it was chosen for me in Infinite wisdom, but I have always felt a strong desire that others should profit by it."
"I will try to, sir," said Felix, very

earnestly, as he got up to take his

"Do so, Felix. And try to bear in mind the promise to those who are faithful in a few things."-Sydney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Mark Out Your Course and Pursue It with

Diligence. William J. was the son of a very poor man. He was born near sawmills and Mip-yards. His home was humble, but piety and industry were seen there. William made up his mind that he would have an education. His motto was: "No such word as fail." He did not have the chances that you have in these good days. No, indeed, to get an education meant to him hard work, hard work! When working in the ship-yard he often had a book open before him, and thus every golden mo-ment was improved. What do you think he used at night, in the winter, for his lamp? Can you guess? A pine knot! And in summer his lamp was the light of the moon. Once he rode

thirty miles to attend a spelling match. When sixteen he opened a little school, and the next thing was to study Latin and Greek. The boy had set his heart on college, and it almost looks as though a boy can accomplish any thing with such a motto as poor William's. He borrowed some Latin and Greek books and set hard to work. Soon his dear parents died, and so the eare of a brother and sister fell upon him. On entering college he found that he had worked too hard—for his eyes so failed that he had to leave off study and wear a green shade, but still he would not give up. He got his room-mate to read to him. He not only pushed through college himself, but helped his brother through also. Amid all these difficulties he graduated with high honors, became a professor in the same college, and was ever found in the path of duty and recti-tude. Remember William, my little ones, and resolve on some plan of life, and pursue it with all your heart and soul. -- Pansy.

MAORILAND.

A Country Untenanted by Man, Beast, Insect or Reptile. One of the most peculiar character-

istics of Maoriland is the absence of life

from her magnificent landscapes. You may travel scores upon scores of miles through a country the natural beauties of which surpass, both in romantic beauty and in sublimity, all that you have see uin Italy, in Spain or in Switzerland; but your eye shall light on scarcely any thing that has life in it. You may pass through vast tracts of splendid grazing land, and property of agricultural companies, the shares in which are principally held by English capitalists, and which it is intended "When I was not many years older than you are my father died and I had to stop going to school for awhite and go to work. I got a situation in a large business house and often had valuable parcels placed in my care.

"It is a pity that I had not a deeper sense of the need of being faithful in the performance of all duties whether great or small, to the very letter. I was careless to an extent which led my mother often to warm me that I should come to serious harm if I did not mend my ways. I paid little heed to her cautions, feeling quite satisfied with myself in view of the fact that no one could bring a shade of reproach against my honesty of my truthfulness.

"One day I was given a parcel to carry to the bank.

"He careful, they said. It contains seven hundred dollars."

"I had a secure inside pocket and had little fear of any loss. As I took my way towards the bank I saw an excited crowd gatheted about one of the principal newspaper offices. It was during the darkest days of the war and I soon learned that zome stirring news was being received.

"Of course I had no business to stop. The news would bave been as well reported without any supervision of mine. But I looked at my watch and saw that I had searly an hour to spare, so three winyself into the crowd and joined my voice with the enthusiastic choers which tree higher and wilder as each particular of eac of Grant's earliest some day or another to lay out in farms of moderate size; but the afforments

FOR SUNDAY READING.

A CHILD'S SONG.

A little child, six summers old—
So thoughtful and so fair,
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish ar—
Was sitting on a summer eve
Beneath a spreading tree,
Intent upon an ancient Book
That lay upon her knee.
She turned each page with careful band,
And strained her sight to see,
Until the drowsy shadows siept
Upon the grassy lea;
Then closed the Book, and upward looked,
And straight began to sing

Then closed the Book, and upward looked,
And straight began to sing
A simple verse of hopeful love—
This very childish thing:
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story:
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with rim in giory."

That little child, one dreary night
Of winter wind and storm.
Was tossing on a weary couch
Her weak and wasted form:
And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hands in prayer—
(Strange that we had no thoughts
Heaven
While hers were only there)—
Until site said: "Oh, mother, dear,
How sad you seem to be!
Have you forgotten that He said
'Let childmen come to Me?
Dear mother, bring the blessed Book—
Come mother, let us sing."
And then mann with faitering tongue,
She sang that childish thing:
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story:

"While here below, how sweet to know His wendrous love and story: And then, through grace, to see His face, And live with Him in glory!" 111.

Underneath a spreading tree,
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was ocvered by the snow.
Then blossomed into green;
Here first I heard that childish voice
That sings on earth no more;
In Heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before: And sweeter than before:
"For those who know H is love below" So runs the wondrous story "In Heaven, through grace, shall see

And dwell with Him in glory!"

—A. D. F. Randolph, in N. Y. Observer

International Sunday-School Lessons. SECOND QUARTER.

April 4—The Word made Fiesh. John 1: 1-18
April 11—The First D.sciples... John 1: 35-51
April 18—The First D.sciples... John 1: 35-51
April 18—The First Miracle... John 2: 1-11
April 25—Jesus and Nicodemus John 3: 1-18
May 2—Jesus at the Weil... John 4: 5-26
May 9—Sowing and Reaping... John 4: 5-26
May 9—Sowing and Reaping... John 4: 27-42
May 23—Jesus at Bethesda... John 5: 5-18
May 30—Jesus at Bethesda... John 6: 1-21
June 6—Jesus the Bread of
June 13—Jesus the Christ... John 7: 37-32
June 25—Jesus and Abraham
June 25—Review. Service of Song: Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected
by the s5-aool.

FAITH AND HONESTY.

The Lord Will Provide for Those Who Do Their Duty, Live Right and Pay Their

The following characteristic remarks are from a recent sermon in Chicago by Rev. Samuel Jones, the noted evangel-

Now we are talking about the conditions of Christianity, and I believe honesty is the bed-rock upon which we build if we build at all. It is downright honesty, and I know what I am talking about. Highteous: I don't believe in your homestead nor your bankrupt laws. God pless you, brother, I have been where I paid the last dollar I could pay, and was still hundreds of dollars in debt. I never took a homestead though, never took the benefit of any bankrupt law. I tell you another thing. When I started in a poor, starving church down in Georgis men who could have held me up said they would have more confidence in the fellow if he would pay his debts; and my precious wife, though raised far above that plane, was doing her own cooking. above that place, was doing ber own cooking, her own ironing, all her own housework, and I was cutting her wood and doing every thing I could for her; and out of my poor meager salary I saw my wife reach the point where she didn't have a good dress to wear to save her i fe, and I didn't have a whole coat to my name, but I would go and pay \$2.50 at a time on a note; and, thank God, I paid the last dollar-one hundred cents on the dollar. [Applause] And you can do it, too, if you try. Now if you can not pay your debts, do your best, and if you can not pay your debts, do your best, and if you can not pay one hundred cents pay a copper cent. Do your best and pay every nickel you can, and God will bless you and take you to Heaven, no doubt. But He don't take those people to Heaven in debt, when they could pay their debts and would not. Righteous Righteous: Talk about homestead and bunkrupt laws: What is the matter? A fellow down in Georgia swaps his home in Heaven for a little, old, poor humestead the can hardly make a living on if he owned at. I am sorry for that sort.

I will tell you the sort of thing I like. Turn back over here to the Old Testament, and I find the wire of Obadiah, a widow, her hus-

nek over here to the Old Testament, and I find the wite of Obadiah, a widow; her husband died owing Abab five hundred doilars, and they have sued the widow and fevred on the hot of the old of the husband they have sued the widow and fevred on the husband is wife, after they ever the debt.

Obadiah's wife, after they ever the debt. And they said the best sawer, but she did not rowithin a mile of one; she went to the old prophet of God, to the best man alive on the race of the earth, and she said; "Prophet of God, they have levied on my two children, to sell them and pay for my husband's debt; what must I do?" The old prophet looked at ber, and he says; "What have you got in your house?" She said; "Nothing but a pot of oil, and that is to embaim our bodies when we die." "Is that all you have got?" "Yes." Well, did he say: "I will file your schedule and put you into bankruptey; if I have ever known a case that ought to take the bankrupt laws you are the one." No, he neversaid a word about bankruptey. What did he say? "You go and sell that oil and pay that dobt." She went and borrowed vessels and commenced drawing the oil out of the pot, and she drew, and drew, and drew the oil, and drew enough to pay the whole debt, and she had more oil when she quit drawing than when she commenced. That was God Almighty standing up to an honest woman, don't you see? [Applause.]

O. brother, I like that. And I will tell you right 1 ow, If you will just do your duty and live right, and pay your debts, God Almighty will look after your sort if He has to put the angels on half-rations. [Laughter.]

Ten years ago they put me on a circuit down in Georgia, and the year before the drouth had blighted that whole country; they didn't make a teeth of a crop that season; and the full came and the merchants pressed thom, and I just rode around over the country, preaching righteousness. Said I: "Brethren, if worst comes to worst don't do wrong; don't tell a lie; don't take advantage of your creditor; let him take your wife and children, we are inference in the tout south-bound trais for orth-bound train for my Reutschy home. I ill never live with you another day. She id: "I have given you ten themaned over-mens of my fletily and topy. But I 'if it targain. God beloing me, I will presen the spen all through this country, grant wid.

TEMPERANCE.

"GIVE US A CALL." [Suggested by seeing these words

Give us a call! We keep good beer, Wine, brandy, gin and whisky here. Our doors are open to boys and men, And even to women, now and then. We lighten their purses, we ta

I am going, notwithstanding what you ted tree. We staid up late. I said: "Wife, if God calis me to do this work He will remove obstacles if any get in the way." You, she sa d, "and He will have to move me, too." I got to sleep after awhile, and when I swoke up the next morning it was not daylight. Wife was standing by the bedside with a lamp in her hand, and I opened my eyes when ahe called me, and I looked in her face and said: "Wife, what has come over the spirit of your dreams." She said: "Fou know when I woke you up about one o'clock struggling in the very agonies of death?" "Yea." said I, "recollect." "Well, "she said, "God's hand was on me and I told Him if He wouldn't kill me then-and there I would make the best Methodist preacher's wife the balauce of my life. [Cres of 'Amen. I Now," she said, "I am with you now, for time and eternity," and a more consecrated, self-sacrificing wife God ever gave a minister of the Gospel.

And while I talk to you to-night, I dare assert R—she is on her knees in her humbe home lift ing her heart to God, and saying: "God bless my husband. Make him us-ful to the multitudes that hear him preach."

Brolher, it has been a glad march up to this hour, and on my march through to Canaan some of these days I will get to my journey's end, and I just fully believe that I shall meet my wife and children in that br gat world up yonder as that I have met this congregat on in the rink to night. Won't it be grand looking to that blessed hope that I will groot my wife and children there?

Give us a call: We are cunning and wise; We are bound to succeed, for we advertise In the family papers, the journals that claim To be pure in morals and fair of fame. Husbands, brothers and some will beed Our kind invitations, and some will beed And give us a call; we pay for all The space in the papers we occupy. And there's little in life that moves won't buy. If you would be slain by the sanke in the cup, Or lose your soul in the flowing bowl, If you covet shame and a biasted name, Give us a call.

—Ella Wheeler. A Task from Which, Even Could They Ac-complish It, Skeptics, Infidels and Athe-ists Would Shrink. the languages-there are 160,000,000 ments in one book and in portions of the book-you must have all these piled together in a pyramidal mass and re-

-Ella Wheeler. A FEARFUL EXECRATION.

you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from every book all such passages; and until

Once more. Go to all the courts of law, and having sought out the pandects and codes, you must master every principle of law and study what the passages removed from the Old and New Testaments, and have all such passages removed from the codes of jurisprudence. You must then go to the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and white passages the passages that the state of the passages are provided in the passages. obliterate the achievements that the play upon its waveless surface; no widow's groans or orphan's tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want and rags come not within the until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to

masters, not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Then you must visit the baptistries of the churches, and from the baptismal roll you must erase all Christian names—the names of John and Mary—for they suggest the Scriptures, and the register is stamped with the Bible. Have you done

No. There is one thing more you must perform. There is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cem-etery of the Christian. The cemeteries while they exist are Bibles, and to sup-press the book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from gravestone to gravestone, and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is Biblical, and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must also blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not till you have done all this can you destroy the Bible.—Dr. Guard.

EFFORT NECESSARY.

DESTROYING THE BIBLE.

First, get rid of all the copies in all

copies, say, of the Old and New Testa-

duced to ashes before you can say you

have destroyed the Bible. Then go to

the libraries of the world, and when

until you have taken all this from be

genius of the artist has produced-

How a Strong, Mauly, Christian Character Is Molded and Developed.

There is nothing valuable which does not cost something. Every dollar that you possess one dollar's worth of labor. Every coin in the Nation's treasury means precisely its own value of toil in digging it from the mine, and preparing it for current use. All the great monuments that have been erected, all monuments that have been erected, all the temples, and castles, and palaces, that have been built, have in every case been reared by laborious and persevering toil. All the great libraries that have been written and printed, and most of the wonderful inventions and discoveries of the age, are the result of hard, untiring effort. If you desire to become skillful in any art, you subject yourself to long and arduous training. If you would be learned, it is only by years of persevering study that your object can be attained.

And this lesson applies in the religious castless and castless

And this lesson applies in the religious life as well. The perfect Christian character is not attained in a day. tian character is not attained in a day. It is "figst the blade and then the ear." It is evil passions resisted and overcome, and finally crushed. It is the harsh word unspoken, the unkind thought suppressed, and at last the life adorned and beautified by loving, gentle, hopful words and deeds. It is first, perhaps, serving God in the bright sun-shine of prosperity, and then trusting to His faithfulness through long, dark days of adversity and sorrow. Effort is needed to turn away from the de-lights and pleasures of sin; to say "No!" when sinuers entice; to hold on to the when error seems more pleasing; to walk in the straight and narrow way, when the broader road is smooth, or its thorns are hidden by roses.

Effort is needed to be a Christian—strong, manly Christ-like Christian. But such are just what God would have; and that we may become such Hagives us work to do.

ure for yourself is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim for it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others, whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knew of your action, still, always, and in all cases, do the right thing.—Occident.

And even to women to we lighten the r purses, we lighten the r purses, we lead to the columns of awful deaths. We swell up the columns of awful deaths. All kinds of crimes we sell for dimes. In our sugar'd poisons, so sweet to taste, If you've money, position or time to waste, Give usa call.

Give us a call! In a pint of gin,
We sell more wickedness, shame and sin
Than a score of clergymen, preaching all day
From dawn to darkness, could preach away
And in our beer, (though it may take longer
To get a man drunk than drinks that are
stronger),
We sell out property, shame and wee;
Who wants to purchase? Our prices are low
Give us a call.

Give us a call! We'll dull your brains,
We'll give you bead-aches and racking pains,
We'll make you od while you yet are young.
To lies and slander we'll turn your tongue:
We'll make you shirk from all useful work,
Make theft and forzory seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay.
Give us a call.

Fugitive Gem from the Great Temper ance Orator, the Late John B. Gough. Of all of the powerful execuations on rum delivered by the late John B. Gough, the most powerful has never been published. I came across it to-

you have so treated every book of poyou have so treated every book of po-etry and prose, excising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty, for the knowledge and power of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible; day. It is in Gough's own handwriting, and was delivered by him twentysix years ago. After its delivery young law student in the audience, Mr. T. S. Shepherd, now a resident of this tween the bindings and turned them to ashes, leaving the emasculated fragcity, asked Mr. Gough to favor him with his words in writing. Mr. Gough consented, on condition that the manments behind; not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it uscript never be published while he was on the lecture platform. The conditions were assented to, and Mr. Gough jotted down the following spostrophe on water and execration on rum as he had delivered them while holding a glass of water in his hand: "There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows

> our youth, strength to our manhood and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful, and bright, and pure every-where. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beauti-

> ful everywhere."
> Now follows the execration on rum: "Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a screent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the ded

with 'ts foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lezar house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniac's yells are in the cup. The wornt that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched in that cup.

"Peace, and hope, and love, and truth dwell not within that desolating to burn.

Now, that is the theory and practice of the liquor business in these days. The world has made great progress since Samson's time. The giant of the still is a great deal stronger than the giant son of Manoah was. And he goes about slaying his thousands and tens of thousands, and nobody thinks of arresting him as a murderer. Oh, no, he has a right to slay, for he does

nonster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile, and deadly, and accursed everyvile, and deadly, and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its
fiery glow to the flames that flicker
around the abode of the damned. The
theologian would point you to the
drunkard's doom, while the historian
would unfold the dark record of the
past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by
the siren song of the tempter, and
sleeping now in cold obscurity, the
wrecks of what once were great,
grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt, and vile, and deadly, and accursed
everywhere. Fit type and semblance
of all earthly corruption.

"Base art thou yet as when the wise
men warned us of thy power and bade

men warned us of thy power and bade us fice thy enchantizent. Vile art thou yet as when thos first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolution and madness, woe and with desolation and mauness, we are anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent toogue first drank up the warm life tongue first drank up the warm life blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first victim rotted in a damp grave, and its shrieks echoed along the gloomy cav-erns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit

Effort is needed to be a Christian—s strong, manly Christ-like Christian. But such, are just what God would have; and that we may become such He gives us work to do, and sometimes clouds to darken the way. That we may become such He gives us powers and faculties to cultivate and use, characters to mold, responsibilities to bear, and permits us to enter the battle-field against sin, the world and the devil, assuring us by His eternal truth that to him that overcometh He will give a crown of life.—Golden Bule.

—Ko matter whe you are, what your lot, or where you live, you can not afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim for it, and with every trial your skill me to the surface and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential to apoor in the blaze of field saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood—rum is vile, and on the lip of manhood—rum is vi

Dash it down! And thou. Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of child-bood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of Temperance, cold watter."—Woosier (Q.) Cer. N. Y. Meil and Emperance.

" HAD BEEN DRINKING."

But How About the Man Who Sold Thom the Hellish Poison?

One night, not long ago, five San Francisco hoodlums committed a beastly outrage upon a woman who was old enough to be their mother. When the young scoundrels were arrested, they said: "We had been drinking together all the evening, and we hardly knew what we were doing." That excuse will not help them. It is a well setthed principle in our courts that drunkanness does not justify or even palliate
crime. The hoodiums are verily guilty,
and will be severely punished.

But how about the man who tempted
them to drink, and who gave them run
late at night, knowing that it would

them to drink, and who gave them rum late at night, knowing that it would fire their brains and send them out into the streets as howling demons? Has he no responsibility in this matter? Yes, in the sight of God he is particeps criminis, an accessory before the fact, the aider and abettor of the scoundrels whom he prepared for their deed of violence and shame. At the bar of conscience and shame. At the bar of conscience and shame. violence and shame. At the bar of conscience and common sense he must be pronounced guilty. But our human laws pay no attention to him. The officers of justice do not inquire where those hoodlums got their whisky—what one of the thousands of licensed dram-shops they patronized that night. Now, this is all wrong, and it is time that people waked up to see it. If the that people waked up to see it. If the rum-seller was arrested whenever those who had drank to intoxication at his bar were guilty of a crime—a crime evidently committed because they were drunk—if he had to stand with them in the dock and bear disgrace and pun-ishment with them—well, if this did not drive him out of the business it would make him a little more careful as to when and to whom he sold his liquid damnation. The coolness with which the liquor business shirks its rewhen the indoor obsiness shirks its re-sponsibilities is something marvelous. It will be one of the wonders of history when our great grand-children read the annals of this age.

The case of those hoodlums made me

think of Samson and the foxes. Samson caught the foxes and tied them together with firebrands between them. That is just what our rum-sellers do. They get men together. They fire them up in couples and companies. They know very well that men are far more reckless in masses than alone. And so they try to attract a crowd. Ten men together will drink twice as much as the aggregate of what the same num-ber of men would drink if they went to the bar one by one. Well, Samson coup ed his foxes and fired them, and then let them go. That was all he did. He knew, of course, that they would run into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burn it up. But he didn't send them there. Then what right had the Philistines to blame Samson? What business had they to go and burn his wife and her father? They did not understand the limitations of responsibility as we do. They did not recognize the inalienable right of men in a free country to catch as many foxes as they can and fire them up and turn them loose. That you and I have standing corn that will be imperiled by the flery foxes may be our misfortune, but it is not Samson's fault. All that he does is perfectly right and legal. Our wrath and indignation must be expended only on the foxes. They alone are to blame. If we can catch them we ought to punish them severely. But as for Samson, he is as strong in his rights as he is in his muscles. He need not go and intrench himself on the top of the rock Elam. He can set traps for foxes with impunity all over the blackened fields. He can kindle fresh fires there, and gather fire-brands, ready for more country to catch as many foxes as they gather fire-brands, ready for more sport whenever there is any thing more to burn.

no, he has a right to slay, for he does not do the deed directly. He only sharpens the knife and puts it into the hand of the man he has crazed, and tells him to go and kill somebody else. In all other cases we arrest and try a particeps criminis, an accessory before the fact, an aider and abettor of crime. And when we get wise enough and just enough to do so in the case of the liq-nor traffic, we will soon have this moduor traine, we will soon have this mod-ern Samson shorn, and grinding in the mill of some useful occupation instead of gathering foxes and tying firebrands to their tails.—"Obadiah Oldschool," in Chicago Interior.

The Adulteration of Beer.

The New York Mail and Express has been at work among the breweries to ascertain the composition and character of the beer that a good many peo scter of the beer that a good many people drink in the metropolis, and it finds that much of the stuff is not lager beer at all, but a compound which contains one or more of such ingredients as quassia, aloes and nux vomica, and very little of hops. It has interviewed a number of physicians on the effect of drinking such compounds, and finds them generally agreed that the drinking of beer tends to disease more directly than the drinking of liquors. They found among their patients who They found among their patients who used beer habitually a general relaxation of the system and a degeneration

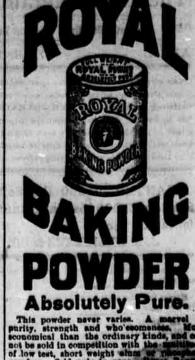
tion of the system and a degeneration of vital power, and among the more specific effects a marked tendency to Bright's disease.

It might be pertinent to ask, in this connection, how many people fifty years of age ever heard of Bright's disease twenty or thirty years ago? It was an almost unknown ailment then; now it is a quite common affliction and was an almost unknown affliction and a terribly painful one, with results almost invariably fatal. It is true that people have it who do not drink beer, but there can still be no doubt that habitual use of impure beer is responsible for the rapid multiplication of kidney difficulties since browers learned the art of cheap adulteration. The Mail and Express says there are a number of stores in New York that keep "browers' supplies," some of which undoubtedly go into beer. Some of them are to give it the bitter taste, some to hake it foam, and some to age it artificially, but all are barmful and in the end destructive.—Kingston (N. Y.) Froeman. Froeman.

Dash it down? And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the crics of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of child-bood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of Temperance, cold wanter."—Wooster (O.) Cor. N. Y. Mell and Express.

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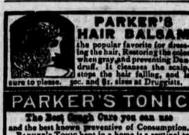
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